The Caring Monster

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The Caring Monster

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Will is investigating a murder near the Oregon Ridge Park, Maryland with Jack and the forensic crew and has a breakdown on the scene. Nothing works on him and Jack is forced to call Dr. Lecter. He knows they have an unconventional relationship and the only remedy is to let him use his unorthodox methods. Dr. Lecter wants to take Will home but Will wants him right here and they make love in the car.At the hospital Will connects his hallucinations of the wendigo with the psychiatrist but he accepts the caring monster at his side.

Inspired by the Hannigram tag prompt: Hannibal grounds Will with the power of le sexy times.

Notes

I have the bad habit of starting spontaneous fics on my Twitter account (@apastandfuture) and this is the result. Yes, I wrote 6000 words on Twitter because I have a weird writing process 😂

Note 1: It's canon-divergent. The wendigo appears in season 2 but I took the creative liberty of inserting it here.

Note 2: Besides, I love writing Will as needy, clumsy (especially during his encephalitis)but I am fully aware that he is NOT like that in canon! Especially not in season 2. So, a little off-character here.

Note 3: I have switched the tense to present in this one because I just like to experiment sometimes. Hope you don’t mind. Currently I consider rewriting my fics to adjust the tense but it takes time.

Let me know if you enjoyed it ❤️

Jack sighs as he looks at Will who is having another episode at the gruesome crime scene out there in the middle of a vast snow-covered meadow near Oregon Ridge Park. Not even the hugs and calming words of Beverly work on Will who is still sweating and trembling as if he has seen hell. The agent bites on his lips as he walks away to make a phone call. Nothing else would work in this case it seems.

He closes his eyes and tries to ignore the unwanted images of Will getting intimate with Dr. Lecter, for the sake of his sanity, popping up inside his mind while the phone keeps ringing. Jack prays Dr. Lecter is available for the sake of the whole team present at the crime scene. After some seconds, the weight falls off him as Jack hears his voice.

“Hello Jack”, Dr. Lecter’s smooth voice greets him. “What can I do for you?” Jack takes in a deep breath before he answers. “Hello Dr. Lecter. I’m so sorry to interrupt you but Will is having another episode and I wonder if you could come over..to help him? We have tried everything.”

The line falls silent for some seconds and Jack’s worries return before Dr. Lecter finally says: “Certainly. If you give me the address I'll be on my way.” ”Sure”, Jack answers and gives him the exact location. Luckily the park where the corpse has been discovered is half an hour’s drive away from Baltimore.

Jack returns to the black FBI van where Will is currently sitting wrapped in a blanket, with a thermos cup of steaming hot coffee in his hands. He still looks pale, avoids talking to Beverly and doesn’t even look up at Jack when he approaches him. “Dr. Lecter is coming, Will”, Jack assures him, petting his shoulder.

Will’s blue eyes light up a little which doesn't go unnoticed from Beverly who grins.”See? Your boyfriend’s coming over. Everything will be fine,I told you.” Will frowns, sips from his reusable thermos cup of Irish coffee and contradicts her. ”He’s...not my boyfriend, Bev.” Colour returns to his face.

He doesn’t look so pale anymore with his cheeks growing pink from embarrassment. Bev lets out a laugh. Brian and Jimmy who have joined them in secret, deciding to take a break from collecting evidence and taking pictures, just snort out loud. “Sure, Will, and I’m Daenerys,Queen of Dragons”, Bev smirks.

Will doesn’t laugh, but his lips twitch. ”Whatever you say, Bev”, he mumbles.”I’d say you are as fierce as that Queen. This makes your argument invalid.” He vaguely remembers the show Game of Thrones which he has watched with Beverly but he doesn't care as much about the characters as she does Time doesn't go by fast enough. Beverly merely chuckles but doesn't bother teasing him further They sit and drink their coffee in silence.Brian and Jimmy are standing outside the van, conversing about the meaning of the bird’s nest and the flowers put into the chest cavity but Will doesn't feel like joining them.

Finally, the sound of an approaching car, the roaring of the Bentley and the crunching of the wheels on the snow breaks the silence. Will stiffens, his eyes shifting towards the car and the

man exiting the vehicle. His eyes are fixed on Dr. Lecter approaching with swift steps through the snow. Jack hurries to the barrier and the officers.

Beverly raises an eyebrow as she sees the look of want and relief in Will's eyes. He pushes himself up from the edge of the van. Too quick. "Easy there", Beverly warns him, getting up as well. "I'm not picking you up from the ground again." He ignores her and stumbles towards Jack and Dr. Lecter.

Beverly has been right and he nearly falls on his face in the snow due to his dizziness despite the coffee but Dr. Lecter, having accelerated his pace, catches him before he collapses to the snow-covered earth a second time this day.

Will blushes once again when he finds himself in the strong arms of his psychiatrist. The scent of his cologne which Will has taken a liking to, citrus and bergamot, calms him. It pushes away the unpleasant sweet, cadaverine smell of dead flesh, the scent of rotten eggs caused by hydrogen sulfide and of other natural chemical components.

"I got you, Will", Dr. Lecter purred. This moment has attracted the attention of Jack and the agents who let out a whistle in the distance and stared at them frankly. Jack frowns as he watches Will linger in the arms of his psychiatrist a tad too long before standing firmly on his legs again, rubbing off the snow from his field jacket.

"Thanks", Will mutters, breaking loose from the embrace as he feels the burning stare of Jack on him, avoiding his gaze. Jack clears his throat and the psychiatrist whirls around. "I expect you to be back in an hour", Jack declares, looking from Will to Dr. Lecter, seemingly tense and uncomfortable with the fact that Will has collapsed and is not ready to help him clear this murder up quickly.

"It will take as long as Will deems it necessary", he replies in a cool tone, putting a hand around Will's waist, pulling him closer. "In fact I would advise Will to not come back at all." He holds Jack's gaze, unyielding, unimpressed. Will stares everywhere but not at Dr. Lecter or Jack. The special agent's face softens. "Alright", he relents.

"I'll message you, Jack", Will calls while walking away with the psychiatrist to his car. The special agent nods, waves at him, turns around and tramps back towards the spot on the snow-covered field where the crucified man has been found and the forensic crew is still working. They analyse the evidence samples with the forensic kit in the van, take photographs. There is still enough to do without Will being needed.

"You can let me go, you know", Will murmurs when they reach the Bentley and Dr. Lecter still has his arm wrapped wound his waist. "No, Will. I don't want you to collapse again", he counters smoothly, touching his sweaty forehead with the other hand while scrutinising him. Will sighs and leans into the gentle touch of his temple.

"You have a mild fever", he remarks in a soft tone. Will opens the first buttons of his black woollen coat and buries his face in the crook of Dr. Lecter's neck. "You should not have gone

out in that state.” He knows it is more than a fever, it is encephalitis, but Dr. Lecter enjoys the neediness of Will just too much.

”I know”, Will replies in a muffled voice, clinging tighter to him. ”But its not only that. It got to me. I felt for a second as if I was the killer. I got lost in reconstructing the crime.” Dr. Lecter smiles and digs his nose into his fluffy curls, smelling his shampoo while rocking him like a baby.

”And I'm glad you're here”, Will admits. ”I missed you.” ”So did I”, the doctor replies and kisses his forehead. He breaks loose from their embrace as he notices Will’s shivering, leading him to the other side of the car, opening the door for him.” Come on in. It’s cold outside.”

Once inside, Hannibal turns on the seat heating again and it gets cozy. When he is about to start the engine, intending to head back to his home in Baltimore to take care of him, Will stops, grabs his hand on the ignition key and pulls him into a kiss, leaning over the luxurious center console with the brown mahogany board and the various buttons and electronics in the centre.

”Will”, the psychiatrist moans against Will’s mouth, his breathing growing heavier as he feels his cock stir in his boxers. He wants to retreat but Will doesn't let him. ”Shouldn’t we go...”, he starts once more but Will doesn't listen. He's on autopilot.Will wants him right here.

And he lets him take the charge and leans into this fierce, greedy kiss. He tastes the coffee and whiskey on Will’s lips as he explores his lips with the head of his tongue. This moment is too precious for him to disrupt even though it was not the smartest move with the FBI around them and barely any privacy.

But he knows from the experience in his youth that the risk of being caught is what make such situations so exciting. And what he would give to see the aghast look on Jack Crawford’s face when he notices they haven’t made it back to Baltimore. He grins like a shark.Will frees him of his coat.

His hands are shaky, trembling with impatience and Dr. Lecter helps him remove the clothes of his upper body before his hands do the same to Will. He relieves him of his beige field jacket, the jumper and the flannel shirt beneath. He increases the temperature a little as he feels Will quiver.

Will moans and crawls onto his lap although this takes a little bit of adjusting until he has enough space to stretch out his legs. In the process Will removes and tosses his shoes onto the pile of clothes on the bottom in front of the back seats, not caring about stains or the melting snow dripping on the jacket and coat of Dr. Lecter. The latter sees this mess from the corner of his eyes but he finds himself excusing Will of this carelessness. This is not important but Will’s emotional needs are.

He revels in the sight of Will’s splendid, angelic smooth upper body, the lustful stare in his wonderful blue-green eyes and the wanton moans coming off him as their bodies touch for the first time. Dr. Lecter shivers.He has given him blow jobs in his office for weeks to ground him but they never got this far.

Yet this feels different. It feels more intimate. Will shows him his raw, vulnerable side.Dr. Lecter finds himself liking this side that Will chooses to show him, although he has fostered the dependency for a while, having planted seeds of distrust in Jack in Will's corrupted mind.

He lets out another groan as Will grinds his clothed erection against the large bulge in his fine blue slacks, moving his body gently up and down. Will presses his sweaty upper body against his own broad chest, nosing the crook of his neck again before licking and nibbling at his earlobes.

Dr. Lecter twitches as Will hits his erogenous spot and he accidentally knocks his knee against a sharp edge at the oddments tray on the car door. The space is cramped after all even though the Bentley is more spacious than other cars. A slight curse leaves his lips. Will pauses, a questioning look in his eyes.

"It's fine, Will", Dr. Lecter assures him with a loving, gentle look in his eyes. "I just need to adjust a little." He touches a button on the window side and his seat lowers until it is on the lowest position and he lies flat, exposed beneath Will. " He heaves his right leg onto the passenger seat.

Another switch of one of the buttons in the middle of the console and the passenger seat lowers down as well. The back seats fold rear wards and are pushed into the rear compartment. Will whistles, impressed. "Very convenient, Doctor." He smirks up at him. "A bentley has its advantages", Dr.Lecter purrs.

Will merely hums and kisses him fervently, cupping his face into his hands. The hands of Dr.Lecter meanwhile wander off somewhere else, making their way to Will's black belt and pants. One hand opens the belt, the other zips down the slider of his denim jeans. Will's breathing intensifies.

Dr.Lecter stills his hands, revelling in the bare lust in Will's widened eyes. His pupils dilate as he squeezes his cock through the blue cotton fabric. Precum wets the front of his boxers. "How do you want to have me, my boy?" He smirks. "Should I suck you off again?"

A drop of sweat runs down from Will's forehead. His curls are soaked, too. He is feverish but both pay no attention to it."Tell me, Will", Dr. Lecter reaches up to Will, stroking his cheeks. "I want you to fuck me", Will breathes and with greedy hands he opens the belt and tears at the fly.

"Your wish is my command", Dr. Lecter hums and helps him putting down the pants before throwing them on the growing pile of clothes at the back. Careful they entangle themselves and switch position once more. Will now lies there, his legs spread, nude in his glory, looking up, pleading and moaning out loud when his lover teases him with gentle touches and squeezes. Too loud apparently.

They hear voices outside, approaching their spot and both grew stiff. Luckily the windows of the car are covered with steam from the humid air inside caused by the body heat. One of the voices sounds like Freddie Lounds, the other like Jack Crawford and another like Beverly talking to Brian and Jimmy. "Screw them", Will pants with a smile.

”Dirty boy”, Dr. Lecter growls but an amused smirk graces his face. With one hand he opens the glove box, retrieving lube and a condom. The voices outside seem to stop. They have found them. “Come on”, Will groans. “We don’t have all day.” Dr. Lecter smiles and coats his fingers.

“Isn’t this the car of Dr. Lecter?” They hear Freddie Lounds ask. “What is he doing...oh my goodness.” Ahm..well, yes”, Jack answers. “He is.. preoccupied, as you can see. This way, Miss Lounds. And don’t touch anything on the crime scene.”

“Is he preoccupied with Will Graham?” She asks, peeking at the car with curiosity, her lips drawn up into a knowing smirk.

“No comment on that”, Jack replies, a little uncomfortable. Brian, Jimmy and Beverly giggle when they hear a noise coming off the car which sounds suspiciously like Will’s voice. The noise of feet stepping through the snow can be heard.

Outside, Jack shakes his head and sighs. The day is not getting better. “Geez, they could have taken a room”, Brian whispers to Beverly when they slip through the police barrier with Freddie Lounds. “This guy has enough money. And this no boyfriend talk? It’s crap.” Beverly nods.

Inside the car, Will trembles and lifts his head to watch as Dr.Lecter’s lube-coated finger stretch his hole, penetrate it with slow and teasing movements at first. He clutches the black leather seat with his hands, exhales sharply at the intrusion of the cold, wet digit.

He watches Will with a satisfied glow in his amber eyes. ”Ngh”, Will exhales, as another abrupt thrust of his finger against the sweet, sensitive spot sends him into paradise. Will’s eyes are about to close. ”Don’t retreat, Will”, he says, slapping his thigh with the other hand.

Will whimpers as the sharp pain of the slap runs through his body. He reluctantly obliges and opens his eyes again, focussing on Dr. Lecter who now lets his tongue wander down the shaft of Will’s hard leaking cock before he sucks at his balls while thrusting harder and faster into his hole with his finger.

The air is damp with the heat radiating off Will’s body but he continues. No time, no hand free to turn the heating off. The musky, bitter taste of Will in his mouth turns him on, makes his own cock ache harder but it’s still not the moment to get off. “Please, Hannibal”, Will whimpers in a high-pitched voice.

Dr Lecter smiles at the use of his first name. Will must be close indeed. What a lovely, debauched noise he makes when he begs. “Please what?” He asks, panting, his voice hoarse and abused from taking Will deep down into his throat. “You know exactly what I mean”, Will whines.

“You have to be more a lot more specific, Will”, Dr. Lecter purrs against the entrance of his ass, having fun teasing him. “I told you to fuck me”, Will grunts. “There are many ways to fuck as you know.” He smiles and lets his tongue slide into the puckered, pink hole,joining the finger already inside him.

How he had longed to get access to his wonderfully shaped booty in the past but Will had only ever allowed him to take his, admittedly equal magnificent cock into his mouth after or during the sessions. He is intended to savour his flavour to the fullest right now.

Even if it means that Will comes before he enters him. He thrusts his tongue and finger faster and Will twists and turns on the seat. He wants to grip his cock but Dr. Lecter beats his hands away and slides his own fingers up and down, using the precome leaking out as lube.

Will sees stars as the stimulation overwhelms his already overstimulated and stressed brain. He can no longer stay present. It is too much to handle. It's too intense. Too many sensations. Dr. Lecter turns into the wendigo,black antlers sprouting of his head and the monster sneers at him.

The monster bares his sharp teeth in a devilish smile before shoving his black tongue deep inside him. Will doesn't listen to the monster while he pleads him to stop, to push his cock inside of him. The wendigo peeks up at him with an evil , knowing glare and now wraps his claws around his cock.

Dr. Lecter's voice turns into a deep, distorted voice of the wendigo. "Stay with me", it repeats again and again. "Don't go where I can't follow you." "No, I'm here", Will exhales but it's not the truth. The monster knows and punishes him by biting into his cock. Blood spurts out and flesh becomes visible where his cock has been.

Will flinches as the hallucination disappears and the monster leaves. It's not the blood that seeps out of his cock. It's his cum, spurting out and painting the face and chest of Hannibal Lecter. Will moans and his hips twitch while his semen spills on him. Will smiles. He is drained but euphoric.

His chest rises and falls quickly. The haze in front of his eyes clears a little and the wave of oxytocins still rushes through him. "Thank you", he says, smiling at his lover who licks away the cum of his lips and wipes it off his cheeks. "My pleasure", he replies, purring.

Will has a bad conscience as he sees his lover has not chased his own pleasure. He straightens, grunting, his back and shoulder a little hurting. But it's nothing against the uncomfortable position Dr.Lecter has been holding out in the last minutes - or hour?- he doesn't know.

He has been kneeling on the car carpet in front of the passenger seat - sort of. Will wipes off the sweat off his face. Knowing sex doesn't cure fever, he feels better nonetheless. Calmer."You know, we still can fuck?" He suggests with raised eyebrows. "You still have to get off."

Dr. Lecter groans as he gets up from the tiny space intended to be used as legroom and heaves himself up on the passenger seat, lying down. He needs a short break and stretches his sore limbs. Car sex is for young people and though he exercises a lot, he can't stop aging.

A thought wanders off to the poor expensive leather cover which is being tainted with the sticky sweat of his body and the cum but this could be sorted out as well. He feels his cock bulging. He has abstained from cuming on the spot.Of course he wants to get inside Will. But

only if Will is physically well enough to do so. He hasn’t forgotten that he has a fever caused by encephalitis and too much exercise might harm his heart. Bending over to Will over the center console, he kisses him on the mouth. ”You don’t owe me anything, Will”, he says.

Will now turns around on the lowered seat, offering his butt to him, wiggling it provocatively.”But what if I need it?” Will asks. ”You promised.” He smirks.”Then I'll oblige once again.He reaches for the lube and the condom, removing it from the wrapping. He strokes himself before putting it on his cock.

They adjust once again, struggling to find a position that works with their long legs. Finally, they move to the extended back seats and throw the pants and shoes on the carpet below. Dr. Lecter helps him to lie on the backseat and straddles his legs. He kneels between them and pulls Will closer to him.

Will shivers and Dr. Lecter feels it. It's ague.They need to hurry with the sex. After that he won't him allow to go back to the crime scene. He decides it will be better to take him directly to Dr. Sutcliffe.Too long has he let his encephalitis deteriorate for the sake of his own scientific study which he would publish in secret one day. But for now he gives Will what he needs, what he demands of him ,knowing he will meet resistance if he doesn’t even though it would be better for his health to stop.

He spreads his cheeks open once again and leads his cock to his still wet and slick entrance. Will lets out a satisfied, muffled moan as the head of his cock pushes in. Dr. Lecter gasps and quivers. He arches his head back and closes his eyes while gently pulling in and out.

All he feels pure bliss.This is what he has been craving for so long. Warmth spreads through his body and he is euphoric. In trance.This isn’t how their first time of anal sex is supposed to be with Will being sick but he is still grateful. Grateful for his feelings intervening with his intent of destabilising and framing him.

The ring of muscles clench around his cock. He knows he won’t last long so he slows down. He bends down even though his back tells him not to, kisses Will’s butt and squeezes the smooth cheek with his hands. “Does it feel good, Will?” He doesn’t want Will to go inside his head again. He senses that Will has hallucinated before and doesn’t want him to think of the crime scenes. “Nghh”, Will moans. “Yes...you made my cock hard again.Fuck me harder, Hannibal. Give it to me. Please.” The last please is a high pitched sigh as his cock slams mercilessly into him once more.

Dr. Lecter pulls out again, panting. He could have fucked into him like an animal in heat but he wants to see him come undone a second time. Will feebly protests but lets himself roll on his back . “I want to see you when I cum, Will”, he whispers. “When we cum together.” He drags him closer once more.

Will lays before him, debauched and helpless like a little lamb. Dr. Lecter loses no time and pushes in when he has pulled Will towards him and he fucks him fast and hard, moving faster. He fucks him like a dog fucks a bitch in heat. The car seems to rock a little under his movements on the seat.

Finally his orgasm announces itself and he feels the wave spreading though his body. It is..indescribable. Unforgettable.He grabs Will's cock and slides his finger up and down while he keeps up the fast pace. "Look at me, Will", he orders. Tears well up in his own eyes as he comes at last.

Will is not ready and so he lingers inside him and bows down. He takes him into his mouth again, sucking, licking, squeezing his balls with his hands before Will comes, this time only a feeble spurt of cum. Both pant into the silence. Having pulled out and removed the condom, he lies himself down next to Will and strokes his cheek, lingering there for some moments but he has a feeling they shouldn't linger although he would have liked. He touches his forehead again . He's burning. The fever is increasing.Will whimpers. "We have to get you into a hospital, Will", he says, kissing him.

Will frowns. "No...no, I have to help Jack. I almost had it. Do you have any aspirin or ibuprofen and water with you, Doctor?" He asks, removing himself from his lover's clutch. Dr. Lecter hesitates. "I have, yes but you have to promise me something. "

"And what would that be?" Will asks, sitting up, looking for his clothes. "You let me watch you at the crime scene and take you to the hospital for tests afterwards", Dr. Lecter says, sighing, grieving for the lost moment of afterglow and cuddling. "Why?" Will inquires. "It's only a fever."

Dr. Lecter pauses before he continues. "You said it yourself", Will says, distrustful and sceptical of a sudden. He sighs. He has destroyed the mood and regrets it. "I suspected something else but I was not entirely sure and didn't want to upset you before I was certain." "Just spill it out", Will demands with cold eyes.

"I suspect you have Anti-NMDA encephalitis", Dr. Lecter says, sighing. "As I said before I was not certain and wanted to avoid you panicking." He admits, while picking up his suit and underwear. "I'm sorry, Will. I should have taken you to the brain scan as you have suggested." He looks down, showing remorse. His tone is grave, apologetic and he means it. But he's scared, too. Scared that Will abandons him. How can he not? He serves him the manipulation on a silver plate.

Will considers this, shoots a disappointed glance at him and swallows. The news is a shock. "Thanks for your..honesty." The air is tense, almost unbearable and he looks away. They are silent while they get dressed. Dr. Lecter feels Will's anxiety and disappointment but at least the admission is out in the open.

Thousands of thoughts run through his sinister mind and he is pretty certain that Will is wary of him now and doesn't want to deepen their relationship. But when he is adjusting his waistcoat and putting on his jacket, Will suddenly draws near and plants a kiss on his cheek. Dr. Lecter blushes and is completely still. He is utmost bemused. "Will?"

"Everyone makes mistakes", Will explains, planting another kiss on his cheek. "I forgive you. Now where is the fuckin' Ibuprofen?" Will asks, raising his eyebrows. Dr.Lecter exhales sharply, a weight falling off his chest. "Wait a minute." He crawls into the luggage space.

He hands him the reusable bottle of water and the pills. Will swallows them greedily and gulps down nearly the whole bottle of water. He also asks his lover for a handkerchief. Dr. Lecter hands him a towel instead and Will wipes away his sweat. He breathes in deeply, as he has been taught by his psychiatrist before. “But it helped. Thank you, Hannibal.”

A warm smile curls up on his lips. “Then the time spent here was not in vain.” “Now, it wasn’t”, Will says. “You’re so fuckin’ good at sex. Honestly is there something you can’t do?” Dr. Lecter chuckles. “There are some things I’m afraid. But I’m flattered.”

Leading honest relationships is something he has not much experience in and he is afraid of. Will raises his eyebrows. “Well, we’ll find out what you can’t do “, Will says, shrugging. He gets out after putting on his field jacket, his scarf and fur cap borrowed by Dr. Lecter who thinks Will needs it more than him.

They walk back to the crime scene in front of the dark forest.The agents are all still there, discussing and working. Jack looks relieved when he sees Will, appearing to be a little more stable and calmer than before but shoots them a reproachful look saying “Next time you’re doing this somewhere else.”

Dr. Lecter makes some calls, rescheduling his sessions while Wil catches up with Brian and Jimmy. They grin at him, saying “We’ve heard you, you know..” Beverly teases him, too. “No boyfriend..huh?”Will laughs it off, doesn’t deny it as before and approaches the corpse, closing his eyes again.

It has definitely helped though he still feels weak. But Dr. Lecter is standing behind him now, grabbing him by his waist when he’s reconstructing the scene again with the preliminary police report in his hands, not caring about Jack or the forensic crew.

The golden pendulum swings over his head. Time passes in reverse until the the moment when he has the man in his clutch, in his strong arms. “I know you”, Will says. The man struggles, screams, pleads and kicks with his legs to get away but Will has him. There is no escape. “You have been my psychiatrist, Dr. Chilton. I am so disappointed and angry. You doubted my identity and my abilities. You told me I was not a killer and merely delusional.”

“You contradicted me when I presented myself as the Chesapeake Ripper. But I’m going to prove it to you, that I am.” Will drops the unconscious Dr. Chilton to the floor. The scene shifts. A wooden cross lies beside him on the open field. “I want to prove to the world that I am the Ripper." He hesitates and strips Dr. Chilton off his clothes until he lies there naked except for the underwear.

“I have planned this in advance. I have made sure no one knows I am out there.” Will looks around the vast-snow covered field. The psychiatrist on the ground looks scared as he wakes up, shivering as the cold snow touched his bare skin. Dr. Chilton has already been placed on the cross and can’t move his legs or arms. “You will be my sacrificial lamb.” He ignores his high-pitched “Please...no. I..believe you.”

Beneath the dark wooden cross a plastic sheet is spread. Dr. Chilton wants to scream but he can’t. He has been paralysed by drugs and his mouth is covered by duct tape. Will walks to

the tool box, grabs a hammer and some nails. “I’m going to make a spectacle. I know the Ripper shames people.”

He begins to hammer in the nails on his wrists and his legs. Blood gushes out of the wounds. Will steps back and admires his work. “This is my design.” He then fetches a scalpel and a cool box for the organs. “Before I lift you, I will take what belongs to the world.”

With skilled hands he plunges the scalpel into the skin, cuts expertly through the skin tissue and opens up the rib cage. The breathing intensifies, the chest heaves and falls quickly. He works quick and fast, retrieving one organ after another. He slaps the man in his face.

“You’re staying awake. This is your punishment”, Will says to him. “Or it will get worse.” The man nods but he is close losing his consciousness forever as more and more organs are removed. First the kidney, then the liver and last but not least the lungs. He farts in between. Will looks down and sees his bladder had emptied. Will places the organs in plastic bags and then into the cool box with ice.

He doesn’t bother if the man pissed himself or not. He has what he wants. Will continues to empty the chest cavity.He uses a bone saw, cuts through the ribs and frees the heart with a scalpel which pumps a last time in his hand, a mere reflex as the arteries are severed, before stopping.

“Now I give your death a new meaning. I place the roses, the hyacinths, the lilies into your chest.” Will fetches the flowers and arrays them quickly. “Birds are symbols of death and afterlife. I place a bird’s nest with a dead bird into your chest.” He steps back. The scene blurs.

Will blinks and gasps for air. He’s back in reality. Dr Lecter’s grip tightens around his waist. “Shh”, he breathes. “I’m here.” Will takes in a deep breath, counts to ten, looks up to his lover with an appreciative smile and returns to Bev, Brian, Jimmy and Jack.

“It’s not the Ripper, Jack”, Will calls. Jack turns around. “Are you sure?” He asks. Brian looks at him with furrowed eyebrows. “Will, organs were taken. He removed the organs while he was still alive and breathing just like the Ripper did. to Cassie Boyle. It was done surgically”, Brian starts. “Yes, he’s a surgeon”, Will interrupts, agreeing with him.

“You’re looking for a skilled transplant surgeon. Either retired or still active”, Will continues. “The murders have some similarities, yes. But the Ripper would never kill like that. He disguises his murders as one of the kills of other’s.” He pauses. “He doesn’t kill randomly. Not anymore.” Will realizes something, his voice trembles a little. “The Ripper has access to internal information from investigation and always acts on that.” He pauses again. “This killer doesn’t read the news on the Ripper a lot or he would have killed differently. He’s acting on his hunches.”

Dr.Lecter listens from the distance and smiles. His little blood hound is so right and pride wells up in his chest. His smart Will knows him. Only he understands the meaning of his tableaus and the art, the messages behind it. He definitely deserves his love. Maybe he will leave him a tableau only meant for him. Will continues his explanation. “Besides, the Ripper would never kill that sloppily. This killer was impatient and took a lot of risk. He could have

been caught. The Ripper is more careful, more organised and plans every detail meticulously."

His voice fills with tenderness and love as he talks of the Ripper's gift and talent for detailed artistry. "...Every detail has been perfect in his previous murders.Every symbol added has a meaning. A deep and philosophical one." His voices raises as he points to the corpse in the ground. "This one is a mere accumulation of random symbolism. It's not fitting together." The forensic team flings odd looks at him. Dr Lecter blushes a little at the compliments and turns away to prevent anyone discovering his reaction. Especially Will. Even though he likes that he sees through his design he doesn't want him to peek through his person suit now. Not after the scene in the car. He doesn't want to lose his precious Will yet and scare him off.

"We get it, Mr. Psychic", Bev says, indicating with her hands to calm down with an amused smile bracing her lips. "So who are we going to look for?" Jack asks. "A transplant surgeon.. Probably in his 50s. He is experienced ",Will pauses. "Check Dr. Chilton's patient files and notes. Make house-to-house interviews if needed. He is definitely dangerous. Physically well-trained and crafty. He's a psychopath with all the traits described in the books", he concludes.

Will wants to leave. The effect of the pills weakens and the ague and the dizziness returns. He rubs his eyes and looks at Dr. Lecter who walks up to him, holding him steady from behind. "Now look at these two ", Jimmy whispers into Brian's ear with a grin. "They're so in love."

"Can I go now?" Will asks Jack who has been bellowing orders at officers and agents to clean up the crime scene. "He doesn't feel good, Jack", Dr. Lecter intervenes. "He has a fever and I'd like to take him to the hospital for some tests." Jack nods at both." Of course. Good work, Will. Get well soon."

"Bye", Will merely answers. He waves at Bev before walking away to the Bentley. Will feels drained, the fever taking over completely. During the drive he sleeps. "Hospital?" He mumbles when the car halts.Dr Lecter flings a worried sideways glance at him. "Yes", he answers.Will faints. Hannibal has to carry him into the hospital where the nurses quickly take over and place him on a wheeled stretcher once the employee at the reception notice him.

Later Will wakes up in a hospital bed. He hears the beeping of the machines, feels the IV needles in his veins and the electrodes attached to his chest, measuring his vital signs. His eyelids flutter open and he sees the black wendigo sitting in his chair, dozing off. His eyes fall shut again, too exhausted at this stage and he drifts off again into a slumber plagued with nightmares he is familiar with. Will swears he feels the wendigo gripping his arm tightly. In the middle of the night, when he wakes up, there's no one in the room and Will sighs as the dull ache of loneliness seizes over him.

Days later, he wakes up to a pleasant smell in the room. Will blinks. His vision is still blurry but starts to clear. The IV needles are gone and he feels a little better. Less weak and he sits up. Steam escapes the lids of two crimson red plastic Tupperware bowls. He doesn't know how much time has passed but he must have been unconscious for a while. The caring monster of death is back again, his eyes closed once more.

Will moves his legs which are itching from lying down for so long. Soon he will need to leave the bed. The tall, bony creature, as black as the night, with the pointy, sharp antlers on his bald head, startles at the sudden movement and the rustling of his duvet. He looks menacing first, his black eyes flashing red, but he only gets up, walks towards him and kisses him on his forehead with his black lips smelling of coffee. “Will”, the creature says with a smile, baring his fangs. “I’m so glad you’re awake again.” Will stares back into these ebony eyes of darkness.

Another blink and the wendigo disappears. Now the worried maroon eyes of Hannibal scrutinise him. His recovering brain, the fever has gone down considerably and the encephalitis is being treated, makes the connection in an instant. The wendigo’s face has the exact shape of his lover. Will knows now he’s in the hands of the Ripper. But that’s okay. He loves him.

“I love you” he says to the human, caring monster in the dapper burgundy suit sitting next to the bed and smiles. “I love you,too, Will”, Hannibal says, squeezing his hand. He then hands him a bowl. “I made you a soup with black silkie chicken, goji berries, fresh ginger and red dates.”

“You made me chicken soup”, Will remarks simply, accepting the bowl and the spoon with shaky hands. He nearly drops it as a little hot broth touches his hands and the shark pain of the burn jolts through his body.

“Yes”, Hannibal replies with a smirk though he feels a little offended.But that is the Will he loves. Rude. He starts eating and leads the spoon to his mouth but his gaze shifts back to Will, sensing something is wrong. The latter meanwhile struggles with eating the soup but he is as clumsy as a toddler, spoiling some of the content on his white duvet. “Jesus”, he snarls, scolding himself. “How embarrassing.” He is grumpy. Hannibal, smiling, gets up and sits on the edge of his bed.

“Let me help you, Will”, he offers. Will sighs, eyeing him with furrowed eyebrows but relents. “Feed me...*daddy*”, he says in a mocking tone, blinking coquettishly, pouting his irresistible lips.

Hannibal observes him with amusement and lets out a soft chuckle. “Again, I’m happy to oblige ...my cheeky *boy*”, he replies, emphasising the last word on purpose just like Will.

He dips in the spoon into the bowl and loads up, tiny bits of the chicken and berries with a little bit of broth on the silver cutlery. He blows on the hot liquid, making sure that Will doesn’t burn his mouth. “Open your mouth, darling”, Hannibal commands, leading his spoon carefully to his lips.Will complies, opening the orifice wide and lets the spoon enter his mouth. With another lewd look at his partner, he hollows his cheeks as if he was doing something else..something inappropriate, then sucks the broth and the meat off the spoon.

Hannibal watches how his jaw moves while he chews on the tender meat. He takes in how his adam’s apple bobs as Will swallows down the broth and the chewed veggies and pieces of chicken. “Ohh”, he hums, his voice deep and seductive. Almost a sexual moan. Hannibal

doesn’t need to ask, he knows his soup his good from the ecstatic look in Will’s face and the greed for more.

“The soup is very good...daddy”, Will says with a genuine, wide smile, still mocking him. “I want more.” He demands it like an impatient brat, pouting his pink lips again.

Hannibal obliges despite Will’s rudeness and feeds him the whole soup with all the patience in the world, neglecting his own. He chuckles. The sight of Will acting like a naughty brat is hilarious and a sign he is definitely on the mend. Luckily for Hannibal, the thermos bowl is of good quality and keeps it warm long enough. It is a pleasure for him to feed his beloved even though Will is making fun of his kink. When he has finished he takes the bowl and places it on the table, grabbing his own again.

“Do you want to be....my boyfriend , Hannibal?” Will finally asks, watching him eating, toying with his hands and looking away. His ears turn red as he doesn’t know in this moment how to phrase the question differently.

Hannibal chuckles at the purity of this question, noticing that Will has asked this question as if they are still at school,young, inexperienced, in their teens. Hannibal swallows down the tender meat in his mouth, before answering. “I assumed we already have moved past the professional relationship, don't we?” Will smiles back. “Yes, but...” “You want to make this official. Should I tell Jack?” Hannibal asks, his eyes mirroring amusement.

“Yes”, Will breathes. “Tell me, please.” Hannibal finishes his soup as well and sits at the edge of his bed. “Then, from today, Will Graham, I am officially no longer your therapist.” He leans forward in his chair to be close to Will’s face. His stubble tickles him and he purrs.

He cups Will’s cheeks into his fine manicured hands and draws him into a slow, tender, languishing kiss.The door opens, creaks but they don’t listen.Jack enters and lurks around the corner. He wants to see how Will is doing after being messaged by Dr. Lecter and tell him they identified the killer of Dr. Chilton as Abel Gideon. But he stops. He hears Hannibal and Will talking about their decision, sees them kissing and leaves as discreetly as possible, shaking his head with a heavy sigh. Now he has to look for a new psychiatrist.

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